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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking Grade 12 Diploma Examinations in English 33 in Alberta, Canada, this reading test is designed to be administered with a questions booklet. The following short selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, drama, and day-to-day functional materials are included: (1) "M is for Mother" (Marjorie Riddle); (2) "It's Hot in the City" (Peter West); (3) an excerpt from "Two Fools Who Gained a Measure of Wisdom" (Anton Chekhov); (4) "Man in Motion in the Thirties" (Sam Roddan); (5) and (6) materials for student evaluation dealing with a citizen's campaign against the proposed construction of a chemical plant, including several letters to and from government officials, a statement defining issues and goals, a list of volunteers, tasks assigned, and progress made, a poster promoting public involvement, and an agenda for a public forum; (7) an excerpt from "The Homecoming of Ted Moser" (John Masters); (8) "The Factory" (Eugene McNamara); (9) an excerpt from "A Morality Play for the Leisured Class" (John Balderston); and (10) an excerpt from "Best Kept Secrets" (Pat Krause). (ARH)

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1988

I. Read "M is for Mother" and answer questions 1 to 6 from your Questions Booklet.

M IS FOR MOTHER

After I left home and came to London my mother wrote and suggested that if I needed any money I should use a code word in my letters so that my father wouldn't know. She said it would have to be a word I wouldn't use normally. She had thought very hard about it and decided on "opium."

I would have suggested something else myself. But I couldn't do anything about it because there was no way of getting in touch with my mother without my father's knowing.

Then one day the girl whose iron I had been accustomed to borrow left London, and I had to buy one myself. So I wrote home and said there was a man at my boarding-house who smoked opium.

My mother sent me ten dollars and my father wrote to say he didn't like the sound of the place where I was living. Was I sure of my facts?

I wrote back with the idea of reassuring him and said I wasn't certain; it was just that the man himself told me he smoked opium.

My mother sent me another ten dollars and my father wrote a long letter about the evils of drug-taking. Was I on guard?

I wrote, yes, I was on guard. I knew all about the evils of drug-taking.

I didn't hear anything for a day or two and supposed they were both thinking things over from their respective points of view.

Then I had a letter from each by the same post. My mother enclosed five dollars and said she realized I had decided I should make it too obvious by always talking about opium, and she thought "drug" was much better. But was I all right and not being blackmailed or something, because she knew what London was like. If I was all right would I write something about gondolas. My father said what did I mean about knowing all about the evils of drug-taking. He didn't like the idea of my knowing this man, and where did he get his opium?

I wrote back to say I had *read* about the evils of drug-taking and I had no idea where the man got his opium, but I thought it might be from Venice because he talked a lot about gondolas.

Then I had a letter from my mother saying she couldn't remember if she'd told me to say gondolas if I was being blackmailed or if I wasn't. She enclosed ten dollars to make sure, but would I, for heaven's sake, write straight away to say I was all right and talk about gondolas and locusts to make sure.

My father wrote to say he liked the sound of things less and less and insisted that I move. He was sure I wouldn't have enough money and enclosed fifty dollars. But he didn't want my mother to know; so would I say something about an earthquake to let him know I had received it all right.

I wrote back and said I wasn't going to move because whether the man took

Continued

opium or not it couldn't affect me, and I thought I might go to Venice to see some gondolas next year for my holiday, but I couldn't be certain because of the locusts, and in any case there might be an earthquake.

I had a telegram this morning from my father saying they were both coming up to see me and were bringing Uncle Felix, who is a doctor, and Cousin Charles, who is a barrister.[1]

They arrive tomorrow.

Marjorie Riddell

[1] barrister — lawyer

II. Read "It's Hot in the City" and answer questions 7 to 11 from your Questions Booklet.

IT'S HOT IN THE CITY

It's *Hot* in the city.

White light glares on car rails, cobbles,
Swirling dust, and scraps of paper
Stirred by baked enamel autos.
Shirt-sleeved drivers, forearms upright
Sweat and swear and steer one-handed.
Sickly-sweet, warm, wafted smells — from
Joe's Place and the Lucky Garden —
Mingling, bring no invitation.

Lolling dogs droop in dead doorways.
Children seek the soiled and struggling
Patch of earthy grass between the
Bus stop and the supermarket;
Lining up to bow and gasp in
Turn at the delicious shock of
Water gushing from the fountain.

Damp, red men and moist, pale women
Feel the grilling sidewalks reach up,
Suck vitality through shoe soles
Down toward the earth's hot centre.
Old folk, wise, released from tension,
Rock, or fan themselves on porches
By front steps of teeming houses.

But
Nobody hurries.
Friday: and man flies, gasping
From what he has made:
Out, off and away
To the cool wood,
The sweet turf
Or the limpid lake —
To breathe . . .

It's *Hot* in the city.

Peter West

III. Read the excerpt from *Two Fools Who Gained a Measure of Wisdom* and answer questions 12 to 20 from your Questions Booklet.

from TWO FOOLS WHO GAINED A MEASURE OF WISDOM

CHARACTERS:

Husband — young, nervous, anxious to have his bride believe the best of his relative — which he knows is a lost cause
Wife — young, gentle, and sweet, but she has a secret that terrifies her
Aunt — the husband's relative. A walking wreck: untidy, crude, a tyrant, and the reason for her nephew's "nervousness"
Maid — young, outspoken and lazy

SETTING: *A sitting room in the* AUNT's *house — somewhere in Russia, about 1900.*

AUNT: Here I am, children. Here I am. Sorry I couldn't attend the wedding. Hate weddings. All that sweet cake and sobbing. (*She moves to the armchair.*) Very glad to see you and all that gibberish . . . Do sit down. (*To the* WIFE) Don't plop too hard on that sofa. The back leg is broken. (*To the* HUSBAND) Sit down, nephew. No good standing about like a scarecrow. (*She sits in the armchair with a great heaving of breath. The* WIFE *waits until her* HUSBAND *is beside her and then, in one movement, they both sit cautiously on the sofa.*) Well, well, well. Little nephew up and married. Never thought you'd catch a wife. Anything can happen nowadays.

HUSBAND (*To his* WIFE): Ha, ha. Isn't she clever? (*His* WIFE *feigns*[1] *a smile.*)

AUNT: Clever enough to have enough money in the bank to lend for your wedding.

WIFE: We're . . . indebted to you.

AUNT: She's a sweet thing, nephew. Keep her that way. (*The* AUNT *reaches into the folds of her skirt and produces a cigar. The* HUSBAND *is horrified.*)

HUSBAND: What's that?

AUNT (*Looking at the cigar*): Looks like a cigar. Are your eyes failing? Wouldn't be surprised. You never did look healthy to me.

HUSBAND: What are you going to do?

AUNT: Do? What do you think I'm going to do — I'm going to smoke my cigar. (*The* HUSBAND *springs to his feet and takes the cigar from his* AUNT'S *mouth.*)

HUSBAND (*To his* WIFE): Auntie should really be on the stage. Such a sense of humor.

AUNT: Give me back my cigar. I want my cigar.

HUSBAND: Remember what the doctor said about smoking.

AUNT: Doctor? What doctor? Quacks — all of them. (*The* HUSBAND *puts the cigar in his jacket pocket as his* AUNT *mumbles about "wanting her cigar."*)

HUSBAND: It's wonderful to be married, Aunt.

Continued

[1] feigns — pretends

AUNT: Is it? Married a few days and already you're an expert. You've got a bubble instead of a head.

HUSBAND (*To his* WIFE): Auntie's quite a wit. (*Through his teeth, trying to control his temper*) She's famous for it.

AUNT: Wait until the brats start arriving. You'll feel the pinch. And don't expect me to help out. One needs shoes, another trousers. All that wetting and bawling. (*She squirms in the armchair.*) My bones ache.

WIFE (*Trying to be polite*): You're not feeling well?

AUNT: When do I ever? Couldn't be worse. I have a rash. Itch all over. I'm thinking of giving up bathing. (*The* HUSBAND *groans.*) Anyway, soap's no good. Dirties the water. And my feet — a battlefield of calluses, bunions and corns.

HUSBAND (*To himself*): I'm going to faint.

AUNT: What's that?

HUSBAND: I was thinking out loud.

AUNT: Brain's going as well as the eyesight, eh? (*She touches her temple with a finger to indicate he's not right in the head. A sly wink to his* WIFE) My, my, talking to yourself — and at your age! You must have money in the bank, is that it? If you have money in the bank, why did you borrow some from me?

HUSBAND: Really, Aunt — I'm grateful for the loan — and it will be repaid, I assure you. But there's no need to be rude in front of my wife.

AUNT: Rude, rude? I don't know the meaning of the word. Don't go taking offense, nephew. I was having a little joke. What a long face you have. Would go neatly on a vinegar bottle.

WIFE: I am sorry about your-er-feet. Must be painful. Perhaps, if you had a special shoe made — (*The* AUNT *laughs heartily and sticks one bare foot straight out from under her skirt. The* WIFE *stifles a gasp. The* HUSBAND *moans and turns his back, moving to the table.*)

AUNT: Best shoe is none at all. Corns need room to breathe. (*To the* HUSBAND) Would you like to see my pet monkey? Looks a bit like you. I named him —

HUSBAND: I know very well what you named him! (*He moves toward his* WIFE.) I'm afraid it's time we were leaving.

AUNT: Leaving? Aren't you staying for tea?

HUSBAND (*Harshly*): We don't want to put you out — or, rather, your servant.

AUNT: You're not missing much. She makes terrible tea. Even the dog won't touch it. I could have her heat up the blood pudding. There's some left over from the other evening. Saw it on the kitchen table yesterday morning.

WIFE: No — thank you.

AUNT: Just as well. We haven't had any ice in the house for over a week — that doesn't do much for the pudding. (*Rubbing her bare foot*) I'll have to soak this foot. It's beginning to puff.

WIFE (*Smiling bravely*): Take some quinine and try not to worry. (*The* AUNT *groans to her feet, leaning on the cane, as the* WIFE *rises from the sofa.*)

AUNT: You're a sweet girl. (*A nod at the* HUSBAND) What you ever saw in him escapes me. Quinine? Wouldn't help. I'll soak my toes in a tub of warm beer. (*The* AUNT *starts to exit. From off-stage comes the barking of the dog.*) There he goes again. Shut up, you worthless cur! Nothing but nasty

Continued

pelt and bone, that's all he is. (*The barking continues.*) I'll club him on the ear. (*More barking*) I'll meet him on his own terms. That'll scare him. (*She begins to imitate the barking of a dog. She continues yelping until she's off-stage. A terrible silence descends. The* HUSBAND *and* WIFE *stare at each other. Finally, he summons enough courage to speak.*)

HUSBAND: Forgive me. Forgive me for having taken you here. I had to show my respects. She is my aunt. She did lend me the money. I try to pretend she's just a character and doesn't know what she's saying. But she knows every little thing. Mean . . . petty. She wants to be. Simply because she has money she enjoys watching her relatives beg and crawl. It amuses her. The truth is she's a tyrant.

WIFE (*Softly*): There's no need to be angry.

HUSBAND: Go on. I can hear it coming. The beginning of my disgrace. But it's not my fault. I didn't select her for my next-of-kin. (*He's close to tears, and angry. Not knowing what to do about it has frustrated him.*) I'm not to blame for the horrible turn of things. (*His* WIFE *takes a handkerchief from her dress, hoping to check her own tears.*)

WIFE: If you dislike your aunt so much . . . wait until you meet mine. (*A sob*) A bore can live in the city as well as the country. A mean person can be poor as well as rich. A tyrant can wash as well as be dirty.

HUSBAND: What are you saying?

WIFE (*Turning*): Yes — I have been out of sorts. I am ashamed and can hardly pluck up courage to tell you about my fine "relatives" . . . When you meet my aunt she'll tell you Mummy used to do her laundry to earn a few kopecks so I could attend boarding school. And my uncle Gregor — all he does is snore at the table and mumble about onion soup and his request for an army pension, which he doesn't deserve and isn't going to get.

HUSBAND: You're joking.

WIFE: And when you meet my cousin — don't laugh at her. Promise me. She's so unhappy. She'll wail and tell you the long sad story of her life and then ask you for a loan and then there's Sasha —

HUSBAND: Enough. Is that what you've been afraid of? Not of coming here but —

WIFE: Coming here was nothing. Going there — to them — is terrifying.

HUSBAND: This is too good to be true. Here I thought you'd think less of me because the old woman was a relative . . .

WIFE: And I was afraid you'd think less of me because of my aunt and Gregor and my cousin and Sasha . . .

HUSBAND (*Gently*): What do they matter? (*His* WIFE *turns, not understanding.*) *I* didn't marry your relatives. You didn't marry mine. (*Pause*) We married each other. (*He opens his arms and embraces his* WIFE.)

WIFE: What a wise man you are. (*The* MAID *enters, carrying a bowl of fruit.*)

MAID: Still here? I thought you were off for the city.

HUSBAND: We are . . . we're off to meet my wife's relatives. They're terrible people from what she tells me.

WIFE (*Happily*): Terrible. (*The* HUSBAND *and* WIFE *start out. The* MAID *crosses*

Continued

to the door and watches them go, shaking her head, convinced they're slightly mad.)

MAID (*Calling after them*): Mind the bottom step — it isn't there! (*She crosses to the table with the bowl of fruit, talking as she moves.*) What's so wonderful about having terrible relatives? (*From off-stage comes the barking of a dog. The* MAID *shrugs and starts off.*) Two fools — the pair of them. (*The dog barks again. FAST CURTAIN*)

Anton Chekhov

IV. Read "Man in Motion in the Thirties" and answer questions 21 to 27 from your Questions Booklet.

MAN IN MOTION IN THE THIRTIES

One of the themes of Expo 86, Man in Motion, is nothing new to me. Fifty years ago, I drove streetcars in Vancouver. My passengers called my streetcars "cocktail-shakers" or "kidney-smashers." At rush hours, loaded to the gunwales, they shuddered and tossed like a Gabriola ferry in a heavy sea.

Most of my time was spent on the Fairview belt line which circled the heart of Vancouver. On the Owl Run I rumbled every half hour across the old Granville Bridge, which spanned False Creek, and the industrial swampland now known as Expo. Many of my passengers in those bleak morning hours were strays, drunks, street-walkers and prodigal sons trying at last to make their way home.

Below Granville Bridge was a jungle of wharves, log booms, sawmills, gravel dumps and grimy warehouses. Sometimes at night my streetcar filled with the sawdust smoke from the beehive burners. At low tide the air was rich with the smell of rotting mussels, swamp and seaweed.

The False Creek of the 1930s was on the receiving end of much name-calling. But at night, from my streetcar window, there was a special beauty to the marshland of False Creek. The sawmills on Granville Island were illuminated in light. Men under open sheds worked at the green chain. Yard engines, puffing sparks and flame, shunted boxcars into loading areas beside the warehouses. Along the spongy water edge, toward Main Street, were spiky masts of fish boats and the tarpaper shacks of the hoboes. In the distance the wooded slopes of Mt. Pleasant blended into the gentle rise of Little Mountain.

In my time every streetcar had its own personality. Most were cranky, stubborn and intractable. On some it was impossible to adjust the air brakes to make a smooth stop. Others were completely unpredictable, and took off like a jackrabbit when you touched the controls. Without a cushion of air in the brakes, a streetcar could suddenly become a neurotic, bucking bronco. Some cars developed "flats" on the wheels after heavy braking, and limped with a heavy sulk to the barn.

I soon learned to cope with fog and snow, shoppers loaded with parcels, tense businessmen late for appointments, drunks without their fares who wanted a ride to keep warm and passengers who had been rocked asleep and gone long past their stops to the end of the line. And there were the old couples who brought their lunches and rode the streetcars back and forth for an afternoon's excursion.

Several times, while engaged in absent-minded reveries, I missed a track switch and, much to the disgust of my passengers, cranked my streetcar along Fourth Avenue when I should have been heading up Granville. I had my share of misadventures and accidents.

Early one morning my attention was momentarily diverted by an attractive young lady flagging down a passing motorist. For that reason I never saw the milk wagon, horse or driver trying to navigate a turn off Granville onto Broadway. My cowcatcher saved the horse, but the street flowed with milk and broken bottles. The driver of the milk wagon was very upset, and before I could utter an apology he mumbled that he had dozed off for a moment.

"I never saw you coming," he said, rubbing his eyes.

"What!" I shouted in righteous indignation. "Asleep at the reins? My goodness, man. Never trust a horse to take you around the corners. Do take care. Watch your step."

What I liked best was speeding my Owl Run to the barn in the early hours

Continued

of the morning. Streets were empty, Granville Bridge lay open to the sky. Even False Creek seemed hushed in sleep. That was the time I felt like a young sun god, whipping his wild horses on to usher in the dawn. The wheels of my chariot rattled and pounded under my feet, a ribbon of sparks trailed from my trolley wire like falling stars.

I went flat out on the home stretch along Broadway until I rolled past Mr. Price's Shoe Repair. Then I threw on the brakes and screamed around the corner at Main. When the Mt. Pleasant car barn loomed up in the fading moonlight, I firmly reined in my chariot, soft-pedalled the bell and, with a mighty hissing of air from the brakes, passed through the great swinging doors and brought her to rest in her stall.

Today there is no rock 'n' rolling on the new Sky Train ride that feeds into Expo. In the world of Man in Motion, no one is up front at the controls. My old motorman's job is obsolete. The train, guided by a brain fed on sensors and silicon, moves smooth as silk on an overhead highway of concrete and steel. Soft bells ring like dinner gongs to signal the stops. A tape-recorded voice announces the stations.

Something has been forsaken. My vision is perturbed by chimney pots, vent pipes, gravel rooftops, bedroom curtains, a maze of TV aerials and power lines. The spatial concepts of a great city seem violated. The social rites of passage, their identity and character, are sacrificed for speed and acceleration. I think of Thoreau's words, "The swiftest traveller is he that goes afoot."

Below me on the Expo site, False Creek glides around plastic and chrome-trimmed pavilions, stilted embankments. A huge silver golf ball and a pretzel-shaped roller coaster brush past my Sky Train window. The inventions of the landscape are strangely foreign to my ancestral sense of place and belonging.

Sam Roddan

V. Read the following materials about Robin's involvement with an environmental group on pages 10 to 14 and answer questions 28 to 35 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin and other residents of Nalwen have agreed to initiate a campaign opposing the construction of a chloropicrin manufacturing plant in Nalwen. The following materials have been collected to assist in planning and organizing the campaign:

E. Robin's letter to the Environment Critic for the Opposition
F. A letter of response from the Environment Critic for the Opposition
G. A statement defining issues and goals
H. A list of volunteers, tasks assigned, and progress made
I. A letter from The Agricultural Society of Canada (A.S.C.)
J. A poster promoting public involvement
K. Robin's agenda for a public forum

E. Robin's letter to the Environment Critic for the Opposition

January 14, 1988

Gordon Yorks, M L A
Environment Critic
Official Opposition

Dear Mr. Yorks:

On behalf of the concerned residents of Nalwen, Alberta, I am requesting your assistance and advice. We in Nalwen are faced with an environmental issue of utmost importance and are now ready to translate our concerns into action.

We are very strongly opposed to the recent application by the Heresford Corporation to build a chloropicrin manufacturing plant within our city boundaries. The Heresford Corporation manufactures chloropicrin to produce pesticides and insecticides used in agriculture. The production of these chemical mixtures generates large quantities of highly contaminated wastes that have proven to be toxic to the environment and, ultimately, to human beings.

The residents of Nalwen wish to launch a campaign in opposition to the application of the Heresford Corporation. We would appreciate your advice on how to proceed with our campaign so that our concerns are effectively presented and successfully met.

Yours gratefully,

Robin Brown
Spokesperson for the Residents of Nalwen

Continued

F. A letter of response from the Environment Critic for the Opposition

January 21, 1988

Robin Brown
Chairperson for the Residents of Nalwen

Dear Robin Brown:

Thank you for your letter requesting advice on how to act on your concerns regarding the chloropicrin plant being proposed for Nalwen. Your concerns echo my own strong reservations about the production of hazardous chemicals. If it would be of assistance, I would be willing to publicly support your campaign to prevent the opening of the chloropicrin manufacturing plant proposed by the Heresford Corporation.

I believe that the following suggestions may help to outline the steps that you could take in order to create public awareness and pressure regarding this issue:

1. Clearly identify the issue. Specify your goal.
2. Establish a formal organization.
3. Prepare a list of similarly-committed individuals or groups that you can work with.
4. Consult experts whenever possible.
5. Initiate all or some of the following specific activities:
   (a) Write to the Minister of the Environment.
   (b) Write a news release and make it available to all news media; personally contact local media.
   (c) Write letters to the editors of various newspapers.
   (d) Organize a public meeting; get your neighbors involved. Arrange for media coverage and guest speakers who will draw the media.
   (e) Have all interested people write government officials to state their case. Precede or follow up these letters with phone calls.
   (f) Involve groups identified in item 3 above in any activities. Help them initiate complementary activities in their own spheres of expertise.
   (g) Circulate petitions and present them to the appropriate officials. Make the presentation a media event.

If you have any further questions or require assistance, please do not hesitate to contact my office.

Good luck,

Gordon Yorks, M.L.A.
Environment Critic for the Opposition

Continued

G. A statement defining issues and goals

We, the members of People Protecting the Environment of Nalwen (PPEN), resolve to prevent the opening of the Heresford Corporation's proposed chloropicrin manufacturing plant in Nalwen.

The Saskatchewan-based Heresford Corporation planned to locate the chloropicrin plant in Hugas, Sask., until a coalition of environmental and citizen groups forced the company to seek another location. Representatives for Heresford have announced that they will seek an alternate site in Nalwen, Alberta.

We see no reason why a chloropicrin plant should be opened in Nalwen, Alberta, or anywhere in Canada. Chloropicrin production generates harmful or deadly chemicals. Chloropicrin has been restricted in the United States and banned in Europe because of its link to cancer and reproductive defects.

PPEN plans to launch a campaign against Heresford Corporation. We will organize citizen groups, distribute research materials, and request public responses from the medical community, the Alberta Government, the Heresford Corporation, and local citizens.

Once people in Alberta and Canada understand the kind of toxic time-bomb they will have to live with, we believe that the Heresford Corporation will not be able to locate in Nalwen.

H. A list of volunteers, tasks assigned, and progress made

CO-ORDINATOR: Robin Brown

TASKS	TASK LEADER	PROGRESS
1. Write a letter to the Minister of Environment	Leo Stockton	completed
2. Write letters to the editors of Alberta newspapers	Gerry Shumer	letter drafted
3. Request all citizens to personally write to government officials and to follow up with phone calls	Lydia Tymchuk Wendy Prentice Jim Evans	In the works
4. Write a news release and notify all news correspondents and local media	Barry Clarke	News Release
5. Identify knowledgeable people/ organizations to contact for advice, participation, and support: begin action	Tara Halsey Joan LeClerc	1 M.L.A. City Council
6. Research and produce an information bulletin defining the issues and concerns of People Protecting the Environment of Nalwen (PPEN)	Harold Young Bert Sumner	Completed
7. Produce a poster announcing campaign activities and encouraging participation	Kelly Hussey	Completed

Continued

I. A letter from the Director of Health & Safety, The Agricultural Society of Canada (A.S.C.)

January 29, 1988

Attn: People Protecting The Environment of Nalwen (PPEN)

The aims of your organization have recently been brought to my attention, and I have been prompted to write about the current application by the Heresford Corporation to build a chloropicrin manufacturing plant in Nalwen, Alberta.

You may wonder what interest a health and safety director from Saskatchewan might have in a permit application being processed in Alberta. Allow me to explain.

Our society represents approximately 550,000 agriculturalists across Canada (including Alberta). In some parts of Canada, particularly Saskatchewan, at least 70% of our members are exposed to chloropicrin in its use as a chemical in pesticides and insecticides. This chemical mixture has been used since 1940, and for at least 20 years we had no knowledge of its very serious potential for causing health defects. Since the 1960s we have gathered information that has raised our concerns about the hazards of this product. In 1980, we conducted a survey revealing that very serious health problems existed among people exposed to the chemical mixture.

I am sure that you are aware that the Heresford Corporation attempted to obtain a permit to build a plant in Hugas, Saskatchewan, but because of the protests of citizens, environmental groups, and the A.S.C., our Minister of Environment requested an inquiry. The Heresford Corporation was not prepared to await the outcome and has made plans to move to Alberta.

The decision to build a chloropicrin plant anywhere in Canada should be strongly resisted. On behalf of the Agricultural Society of Canada, I urge your group to lobby your government to deny a permit to the Heresford Corporation. If you wish any further information or documentation of my statements, please write or call this office, and I will be pleased to comply.

Yours truly,

V. Warner

Vivian Warner
Director, Health & Safety

cc. Hon. William Block, Minister of the Environment
Hon. Angela Netier, Minister of Agriculture
Mr. Gordon Yorks, Environment Critic for the Opposition

VW/bm

Continued

J. A poster promoting public involvement

PRESERVE NALWEN

WANTED:	ALL CITIZENS of Nalwen ALL PERSONS dedicated to the preservation of Canada's environment ALL PERSONS desiring to live in a safe and clean environment
REASONS:	TO REJECT the application by the Heresford Corporation to develop a chloropicrin manufacturing plant TO PREVENT the production of deadly chemicals in Nalwen or anywhere in Canada TO PREVENT the generation of contaminated wastes proven to be hazardous to the environment TO MAINTAIN the current standards of environmental safety present in our community
PLANS OF ACTION:	ATTEND the public forum to be held in the City Hall Auditorium on February 19, 1988 at 7:30 p.m. Everyone is urged to attend Guest speakers to include local residents, government representatives, leaders of environmental organizations Question/answer session
ACT NOW:	VOLUNTEER to assist with one or more of the activities currently under way CONTACT Robin Brown (403) 772-9443 or 773-5511

TAKE THE INITIATIVE TO BECOME AWARE, TO TAKE ACTION, TO BE A PARTICIPANT IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CONTAMINATION AND DESTRUCTION OF OUR ENVIRONMENT.

K. Robin's agenda for a public forum

AGENDA

1. Welcome
2. Acknowledge support and attendance
3. Introduce self and PPEN – purpose, goals, appeal for continued public support and participation
4. Introduce 1st and 2nd speakers – Harold Young/Robert Zimmer (local residents)
5. Introduce 3rd speaker – Gordon Yorks, M.L.A. (Opposition Environment Critic)
6. Introduce 4th speaker – Vivian Warner, Director of Health & Safety (The Agricultural Society of Canada)
7. Introduce 5th speaker – Kerry Tannis (representative – Heresford Corporation)
8. Open floor – question/answer session between public and speakers
9. Closure – re-emphasize: take action, participate, support

VI. As spokesperson for the residents of Nalwen and co-ordinator of the campaign to oppose the establishment of a chemical plant, Robin has written the following draft of a speech she plans to deliver at a public forum. Read Robin's paragraphs and answer questions 36 to 40 from your Questions Booklet.

Paragraph 1

It is no secret that the individuals who have organized this forum are ~~against~~ solidly opposed to the construction of the chloropicrin plant proposed by the Heresford Corporation. I am the spokesperson for these individuals, known collectively as People Protecting the Environment of Nalwen. We have one purpose and one goal. Our purpose is to protect the health and safety of the citizens of Nalwen, ~~and our~~ Our goal is to do everything in our power to ensure that the application of the Heresford Corporation is ~~turned down~~ rejected by our provincial government. We are confident that ~~many~~ all of you ~~share~~ support both our purpose and our goal.

Paragraph 2

Good evening ladies and gentlemen -- concerned citizens of Nalwen, honored guests. My name is Robin Brown. As you are all aware, a large multi-national conglomerate, the Heresford Corporation, has recently applied to the provincial government for a permit to establish a chloropicrin manufacturing plant in the city of Nalwen, Alberta. This application has met with dismay on the part of Nalwen citizens, many of whom have voiced serious concerns about the establishment of such a plant. To date, both the Heresford Corporation and the provincial government have chosen to remain silent on this issue. Tonight we hope to air some of these concerns in a public forum and to allow various interested parties to address the issue that has brought us together.

Continued

Paragraph 3

Recognizing our own bias, we have nonetheless attempted to provide for a balance of opinion among the guest speakers you will hear tonight. Leading off will be two Nalwen residents -- Harold Young, who will speak against the establishment of the chloropicrin plant; and Robert Zimmer, who will speak in favor of it. We will then hear, in turn, from Gordon Yorks, M.L.A. for Nalwen and Environment Critic of the Official Opposition; Vivian Warner, Director of Health and Safety for the Agricultural Society of Canada; and Kerry Tannis, Public Relations Representative for the Heresford Corporation. The Honorable William Block, Minister of Environment, was unfortunately unable to attend this evening because he had a prior appointment with his barber. The question and answer section of tonight's forum will be more informal than the guest speakers' section, but, to ensure order, certain procedures will be followed. I will be acting as moderator. Our guest speakers will be acting as panel members. Please direct your ques ions to them through me.

Paragraph 4

On behalf of all present I would like to extend a special welcome this evening to Kerry Tannis, Public Relations Representative for the Heresford Corporation. I imagine that he feels ~~a bit~~ somewhat like a sheep among wolves. We admire his courage, and we are pleased to see that the Heresford Corporation is ending its silence on this issue. I am sure that Mr. Tannis will be asked some interesting questions tonight.

Paragraph 5

I would also like to welcome the representatives from the media who are in attendance this evening. It is our belief that the issue before us is, in fact, of provincial and national concern, and that this issue and this forum deserve wide and impartial coverage.

VII. Read the excerpt from "The homecoming of Ted Moser" and answer questions 41 to 47 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE HOMECOMING OF TED MOSER

Several years ago Ted Moser, managing editor of The Globe and Mail, *a Toronto-published national newspaper, left that job to become the editor of a small weekly newspaper in southwestern Alberta, the area where he was born.*

The wind rushes down from the mountains and east through Crowsnest Pass, past Coleman, then Blairmore, Frank, Hillcrest and Bellevue, fluting off the stone corners of the towns' low buildings, banking off their wooden facades,[1] hurtling forward. It gurgles and froths, air suffused with air, coursing between the pine ridges, whistling down the streets, leaving the Pass clean as a pin. The wind races alongside the CPR tracks and the highway, the southern trans-Canada route, until all three spill out onto the prairie around Pincher Creek. You are 100 miles south and 50 miles west of Calgary, in the bottom left-hand corner of Alberta, where it runs up against British Columbia. You are back where Ted Moser came from.

Fifty, 70 years ago would have been great times to be a newsman in the Pass. In its early days more calamities befell this 50-mile stretch than any comparably sized area in Canada. There were natural disasters, like the Frank slide of 1903, when almost 100 million tons of limestone broke away from the face of Turtle Mountain and, in a minute and a half, roared across the valley and through the town of Frank, burying at least 76 people under 100 feet of rubble. There were manmade disasters, including the worst mine mishap in Canadian history, in 1914, when 189 Hillcrest coal miners lost their lives in an underground gas explosion. There were train holdups and restaurant shootouts and high-speed car chases along the narrow, winding mountain roads. In the '20s, when the rest of Alberta voted for Prohibition,[2] the Pass voted wet and became the headquarters for backwoods rumrunners, including Emilio Picariello — "Emperor Pic" — who was hanged in 1923 along with his 22-year-old lover, Florence Lassandro, for the murder of a Pass policeman. In the dirty '30s, communism took over from freebooting, and towns elected "workers' councils." Blairmore's main street was renamed Tim Buck Boulevard after the leader of the Canadian Communist Party. There were mass rallies and violent strikes at coal mines up and down the Pass.

By the '40s, though, when Ted Moser was growing up in Hillcrest, things had calmed down considerably. Young Ted was made to take violin lessons, which he hated, and given a broken-down grey bay named Pearl, which he loved. He fished, hiked, climbed Turtle Mountain. When he was in his teens he worked in the summer for the railroad, or for a logging firm, or in the mines. In all these things he was the same as the other boys growing up in the Pass. And yet he was different.

In the Pass, dreams are modest. Today, as in Ted's youth, coal mining is the dominant industry. The people it attracts are mainly interested in sustaining a certain level of material well-being: on the street, affluence is usually shown in the form of a glittering chrome four-by-four with a jacked-up body and a buggy-whip antenna. In the home it is a carved wood television console the size of a

Continued

[1] facades — fronts of buildings
[2] Prohibition — forbidding by law to manufacture and/or sell liquor

church altar, resting firmly in rich pile carpet. Once a year there should be enough money for a good vacation to someplace exotic; the rest of the time there are the pine forests and fast streams the unrivalled Rocky Mountain wilderness brings right up to the property line.

Ted Moser's dreams always rose higher than the dark green ridges that surrounded him. He worked hard in school. Very early in life he tried to write a book. . . .

Three decades later, when Moser returned to the Pass for good, much was as he had left it. The towns still look like the setting for a W.O. Mitchell story, although the miners' cottages are cleaner now, since the old mines with their tipples[3] pouring out soot have shut down. Blairmore, with a population of about 1,500, remains the largest town. Crowsnest Mountain, a solitary colossus and the area's most famous landmark, is still on all the postcards. . . .

From his glassed-in corner cubicle, publisher Moser can survey his new domain. Stretched out in the editor's traditional wooden swivel chair, Moser looks considerably more casual than he did at the *Globe*: worn jeans with a big brass buckle on a western belt, a patterned red western shirt with the neck open and a white T-shirt peeking out at the collar. Even his voice has softened, from a clipped gruffness to a braying drawl. "Some people think to this day that it was crazy," he says. There is a twinkle in his eye. "Sometimes I wonder if I weren't crazy too. I'm making roughly — personally — a quarter of what I left the *Globe* at."

He swings his cowboy boots down off the desk. "When I bought the *Promoter* I knew it was going to be a lot of work at first," he says, "and yet it was incredible. The first three or four months were just wild. . . ."

As things have settled down, Moser has been able to devote more time to the things that drew him back to the West, the things he so enjoyed about life in the Pass as a boy. Fishing. Hiking. Riding his horse, Eagle's Flashy Anne, a big chestnut quarter horse given him by the *Globe* as a going-away gift. He has joined the Crowsnest Pass Orchestra, playing violin. He is his own boss now and can take days off as he pleases, spending them either with his family or, just as likely, at the paper, tinkering. He can phone up Tom Hogue at the *Miner* and they can compare notes on the word processors Ted had put in at both papers. In short, he is having a ball.

John Masters

[3] tipples — places where coal cars are unloaded

VIII. Read "The Factory" and answer questions 48 to 54 from your Questions Booklet.

THE FACTORY

the factory was where the men
in the cool mornings went
coming out of doors
wives and children already
turned to their own lives
screen doors closing

your father
the man next door
across the street
all the men were
leaving for the factory
saying *morning*
as they unlocked
their car doors
bent to go in
to the factory

they drove without sunglasses
they carried a lunch
they said *morning*
but leaned towards
afternoon and
gathered darkness
you wondered about it
you waited for your turn
to be one of them
one of the men
leaving a house
in the cool morning
to go to the factory
saying *morning*

have you found the factory
now have you penetrated
its mysterious gates are
its engines shuddering into
life its air blue with
burned metal your hands
sparking your head bent
to work your lips moving
silently in the engines
roar silent saying
morning morning morning

Eugene McNamara

IX. Read the excerpt from *A Morality Play for the Leisured Class* and answer questions 55 to 61 from your Questions Booklet.

from A MORALITY PLAY FOR THE LEISURED CLASS

A morality play is a play that teaches a moral. In this particular play Soul has been transported to the hereafter following his death in a car accident. In the hereafter, Presence has been appointed as Soul's devoted servant. His job is to make certain that every wish of Soul's is fulfilled.

SOUL: Is this my reward, to be bored to the end of time?
PRESENCE: Strictly speaking, sir, there is no end to time. The phrase we use here is "from everlasting to everlasting."
SOUL (*Crosses right almost to corner*): Everlasting fiddlesticks! I want you to tell me what to do.
PRESENCE: Are you tired of reading, sir?
SOUL: How can I read the nonsense people down there think about life? I know the truth about it now.
PRESENCE: You seemed so pleased to meet your friends, sir.
SOUL: What is there left to talk about? I heard on earth most of what they had to say. I've heard it all now a dozen times. Why, I can't even play cards with them. There's nothing in cards without a little something on the game.
PRESENCE: There's no objection to gambling.
SOUL: Same old trouble. There's nothing to gamble *with*. Anything you win, you could get by asking for it, and if I lose my shirt, I have only to wish for another.
PRESENCE: You will get used to our different economic system, sir. But the pleasures here are the same as on the earth.
SOUL: There's nothing in that either when you only have to *wish*.
PRESENCE: But any uncertainty would mean you mightn't get what you want, and what you desire, that you must have.
SOUL: Why must I?
PRESENCE: Orders, sir, (*Bowing*) from General Headquarters.
SOUL (*Crosses right*): I call it rotten. It's driven me to drink, that's what it has. And there's no fun in that, up here.
PRESENCE: If your vintages pall, sir, there's our own nectar. There's nothing better in Heaven.
SOUL: I've tried that. It is *some* drink. But the trouble is, I can't get drunk.
PRESENCE: If you were drunk, you would be ill afterwards. You would have headaches.
SOUL: But I want to be ill, I want headaches!
PRESENCE: There can be no illnesses, no headaches, sir, as I made clear when you came.
SOUL (*Crosses left to corner*): Well, what is there left? (*Turns to him*) What are you standing there for like one of those frozen statues? Suggest something!
PRESENCE: Why not have your house done over, sir?
SOUL (*Wearily*): Again? What else is there?

Continued

PRESENCE: The future.

SOUL: We'll deal with that when we come to it.

PRESENCE: Why not now, sir?

SOUL (*Flops on couch*): I'll bite. What's the answer?

PRESENCE: We have the archetypes not only of art existing and extinct, but of art that will be. In about three hundred years another great period is coming at Bokhara, the world metropolis of that time. "The Asian Naissance." Let me do you up in that.

SOUL (*Angrily*): I'm sick of your periods and your art. I care no more for your future than your past. What good is any of it? (*Rises*) No standard of value, no comparison. My stuff no better than any moth-eaten fellow has in the next street. What's it all *worth*? (*Contemptuously*) A wish! (*Sits*)

PRESENCE (*Looking at his master's brown suit, now very shabby, and at his battered and spotted straw hat*): You yourself, sir, might experiment to find more appropriate clothes. We offer an infinity of background. You might be diverted for a time, sir.

SOUL (*Stands; more angrily*): How often have I told you that I won't wear wings or nightgowns? (*Crosses right*) This suit is all I have to remind me of life, where I sweated and was kicked about and was happy even if I didn't know it. And what's more, when these wear out, you've got to replace them!

PRESENCE (*Resignedly*): Very good, sir.

SOUL: Why, I was wearing this suit when I was killed. And you ask me to give it up! My last real experience! My last thrill! (*With rapture*) You can't imagine what agony I felt from my crushed thigh, before I fainted. My last pain! (*Sits*)

PRESENCE (*Turning away, discouraged, to go*): I don't know what to propose, sir. But when there's anything you want —

SOUL (*Excitedly*): There is! Pain, that's it! I want to suffer!

PRESENCE: I'm afraid you can't do that here, sir.

SOUL: I'm sick of Heaven!

PRESENCE (*Puzzled*): Sick of Heaven, sir?

SOUL (*Shouts*): I want to want things I can't have.

PRESENCE (*Patiently*): A contradiction in terms, sir.

SOUL (*More loudly*): I can't stand this everlasting bliss!

PRESENCE (*Mildly*): We all have to stand it, sir.

SOUL (*Howls*): Whatever the devils do to me can't be as bad as this. (*Screams*) I want to go to Hell!

PRESENCE (*Stepping back and looking at him in astonishment*): And wherever do you think you *are*, sir?

(SOUL *stares in horror as truth dawns.)*

John Balderston

X. Read the excerpt from "Best Kept Secrets" and answer questions 62 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

from BEST KEPT SECRETS

A long time ago, Olga told my cousin David and me stories about life in the Old Country, and I didn't believe they were true. David and I were eight years old, going on nine. My parents left me in Regina at David's house for most of the school year, and they went to New York for my father's postgraduate studies in surgery.

On Saturdays, Olga polished the hardwood floors, and Aunt Enid went downtown with Uncle Nate to have her hair done. As soon as the door closed behind them, Olga became a high-spirited war horse. She unpinned the crown of thick blonde braids on her head for reins, and David straddled her back in an awkward stance without actually sitting down to ride. Then, Olga crossed the barren oak floors, bucking and shying and crying out warnings of danger.

"Cossacks! Cossacks!" she neighed, tossing her head as she pawed Johnson's paste wax from the tin and spread it on the floor in front of her.

"Rat-ta-ta-tat! Slash! — Slash!" David dropped a braided-rein to aim his finger at the mahogany table legs and swing his invisible sword at the china cabinet. "Got 'em all. Hordes of them. Thanks, old girl." He patted Olga's neck and gave her a smack on the rump.

I sat on the roll of oriental carpet in the archway into the dining room to watch at first. There was a lot of whinnying and snorting, shooting and slashing, neighing and shouting. Peace and quiet and good manners didn't matter when Aunt Enid was out. Olga and David won all their battles, and I cheered and clapped and laughed.

When they had fought their way into the living room, I was invited to ride sidesaddle in front of Prince Charming, as Olga called David. I was a beautiful young princess being rescued from a fate worse than death. It was what I became every Saturday morning until March, when Aunt Enid complained about a disgraceful wax build-up on her beautiful floors. David and I had to go with her and sit in Murphy's Beauty Parlour with nothing to do, so we didn't get in Olga's way while she stripped the floors and started over.

Spring kept coming and going that year, and I was afraid summer and my parents would never come back. The long Sunday dinners stretched on forever.

"No dessert until everybody's plate is clean as a whistle," Uncle Nate said. His eyes were fastened on my plate, as usual. The tiny rose blossoms on Aunt Enid's Limoges china were hidden under the limp stalks of asparagus I had spread around.

"It's most impolite for a house guest to leave a single morsel, dear." Aunt Enid put out her hand and rested it firmly on the top of the silver bell's stem, keeping it silent. Olga wasn't going to be able to pretend she heard its tinkle and rush in to clear the plates.

"If she's a guest and not a prisoner, she oughtta be able to leave stuff she hates," David said.

Aunt Enid prided herself on her patience, she often said so while I was there. She could stiffen-up and wait an eternity for what she considered mannerly

Continued

behaviour. "Prisoners are not served asparagus, David. It's a delicacy fit for Royalty."

"That's right. Emperors, pharoahs, kaisers and kings have all marked spring with feasts of succulent sparrow grass," Uncle Nate said. "It can cure bee stings and toothaches as well as taste good. Just try it."

"She doesn't have a bee sting or toothache," David said.

"The Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret Rose would be quite delighted to be served fresh asparagus so early in the season," Aunt Enid said. "They simply adore it." She kept pressing down on the silver bell, and the rim cut deeper into the table cloth and silence mat. I waited for the tip of the bell's stem to pop up in the middle of the freckles and veins on the back of her hand. There would be blood everywhere. The table would have to be cleared immediately.

"Bet the Princesses don't have to eat what they hate," David said. "Let's pretend she's a princess and can leave whatever she wants."

"*May* leave," Aunt Enid said, "but *she* may *not*."

Uncle Nate was doing his finger exercises at either side of his empty plate. He was allowed to fidget like that because he had to keep his hands supple for surgery. Olga had to give him a manicure once a week and keep freshly laundered gardening gloves handy for him to wear into his greenhouse. And he was always slathering his hands with Noxzema. I hated the smell. "Their Highnesses, our Royal British Princesses, would dearly love to have an uncle like me, instead of the one they've got. Look what I do for your pleasure. I grow prize gladioli that even Royalty couldn't tell from orchids and I cultivate crowns of asparagus. The Princesses would probably give their eyeteeth for your tender spears."

I stared at the squashed green caterpillars on my plate and held my breath. The Princesses could keep all of their horsey teeth and have the soggy things. I would gladly swallow gladiolus leaves, like swords, instead. I would give *my* eyeteeth for the chance.

David waved at the centrepiece, "Why don't you make her eat the flowers too? Bet she'd rather. Give her a choice, why not?"

He would have sneaked my asparagus into the pockets of his breeches again, if he had been sitting beside me and not across a sea of white linen. We wouldn't be dumb enough to bury them in the greenhouse or get caught another time.

"Aw, come on, Mother-dear. Ring for good old Olga. She'll wrap up the remains and mail them to Buckingham Palace. Nothing's gonna be wasted. Maybe the Princesses haven't even tasted asparagus since the war started."

Aunt Enid was famous for her fancy desserts, and one of her specialties was always waiting in the kitchen on Sundays. Once, she had even made my favourite lemon sponge pie from the secret recipe my mother left with me. But I sat still, hands folded in my lap, my knife and fork lying across my plate at the correct slant to show I had finished eating my main course. It didn't make David mad at me. We would be sent to our rooms to teach us proper manners, but we got dessert anyway. Olga always brought us each half of her serving after the dishes were done.

Pat Krause

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